knew what had happened to him, and that was me, for with my own eyes I saw the skipper tip up his beels and put him over the rail in the middle watch of a dark night two days before we sighted the Shetland lights.

"Well, I kept my knowledge to myself and waited to see what would come of it. When we got back to Scotland it was easily hushed up, and nobody asked any questions. A stranger died by accident, and it was nobody's business to inquire. Shortly after Peter Carey gave up the sea, and it was long years before I could find where he I guessed that he had done the deed for the sake of what was in that tin box and that he could afford now to pay me well for keeping my mouth

"I found out where he was through a sailor man that had met him in London, and down I went to squeeze him. The first night be was reasonable enough and was ready to give me what would make me free of the sea for life. We were to fix it all two nights later. When I came I found him three parts drunk and in a vile temper. We sat down, and we drank, and we yarned about old times, but the more he drank the less I liked the look on his face. I spotted that harpoon upon the wall, and I thought I might need it before I was through. Then at last he broke out at me, spitting and cursing, with murder in his eyes and a great clasp knife in his hand. He had not time to get it from the sheath before I had the harpoon through him. Heavens, what a yell he gave! And his face gets between me and my sleep. I stood there, with his blood splashing round me, and I waited for a bit, but all was quiet, so I took heart once more. I looked round, and there was the tin box on the shelf. I had as much right to it as Peter Carey, anyhow, so I took it with me and left the hut. Like a fool, I left my bacey peuch upon the

'Now I'll tell you the queerest part of the whole story. I had hardly got outside the hut when I heard some me coming, and I hid among the went into the hut, gave a cry as if he had seen a ghost and legged it as hard is he could run until he was out of tight. Who he was or what he wanted a more than I can tell. For my part, I walked ten miles, got a train at Tunbridge Wells, and so reached London and no one the wiser.

Well, when I came to examine the box I found there was no money in it and nothing but papers that I would not dare to sell. I had lost my hold on Black Peter and was stranded in London without a shilling. There was only my trade left. I saw these advertisements about harpooners and high wages, so I went to the shipping agents, and they sent me here. That's all I know, and I say again that if I killed Black Peter the law should give me thanks, for I saved them the price of a hempen rope."

"A very clear statement." said Holmes, rising and lighting his pipe. "I think, Hopkins, that you should lose no time in conveying your prisoner to a place of safety. This room is not well adapted for a cell, and Mr. Patrick Cairns occupies too large s proportion of our carpet."

'Mr. Holmes," said Hopkins, "I do not know how to express my gratitude. Even now I do not understand how you attained this result."

"Simply by having the good fortune to get the right clew from the begin-ning. It is very possible if I had yours. But all I heard pointed in the one direction. The amazing strength, the skill in the use of the harpoon, the ing amid the mists, and as passemenrum and water, the sealskin tobacco these pointed to a seaman and one who had been a whaler. I was convinced that the initials 'P. C.' upon the pouch were a coincidence and not those of Peter Carey, since he seldom smoked and no pipe was found in his cabin. You remember that I asked whether whisky and brandy were in the cabin. You said they were. How many landsmen are there who would drink rum when they could get these other spirits? Yes, I was certain it was a seaman."

"And how did you find him?" "My dear sir, the problem had become a very simple one. If it were a had been with him on the Sea Unicorn. Bo far as I could learn he had sailed in no other ship. I spent three days in wiring to Dundee, and at the end of that time I had ascertained the names of the crew of the Sea Unicorn in 1883. When I found Patrick Cairns among the harpooners my research was near ing its end. I argued that the man was probably in London and that he would desire to leave the country for I time. I therefore spent some days in the east end, devised an arctic expedition, put forth tempting terms for barpooners who would serve under Captain Basil-and behold the result!"

"You must obtain the release of young Neligan as soon as possible, said Holmes. "I confess that I think you owe him some apology. The tin hox must be returned to him: but, of course, the securities which Peter Carey has sold are lost forever. There's the cab, Hopkins, and you can remove your man. If you want me for the trial, my address and that of Watson will be somewhere in Norway. I'll send particulars later."

Our Immigrants From Russia.

Before Russia's eastern war began hundreds of thousands of her popula-tion were on the edge or in the actual pinch of starvation, and the number nust now be greatly increased, though there is no recent statistical record bearing on the subject. All Russia ems to be looking to America as its and of hope and promise, the number toming in being greater than ever before, with a prospect of further and practically unlimited increase, of which the Jews seem certain to make up their full proportion. The Jewish Immigration society of New York has recent sent out an appeal to various Hebress benevolent organisations asking them
Jo help find work for 80,000 of their
race already in New and in urgent need of employment, with more
to rome, out of reserves of Semitic nonome, out of reserves of Semitic popation, which seem to be and practicaly are inexhaustible.-New York Trib-

Calmage Sermon

Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 25.-In this sermon, suited to the vacation season, the preacher takes for his pulpit a lofty peak overlooking the Yosemite valley and for his theme the vivid impressions awakened by his inspiring surroundings. The text is Psalm xlv, 4, "The strength of the hills is his."

The word "big" is absolutely appropriate when applied to the United States. Big are we in geographical area. Individually, many of the European monarchies could be placed inside of our state of Texas, and yet there would be enough left to set up in governmental business a Bulgaria or a Portugal or a Switzerland, besides having to spare a front yard and a back yard large enough for the kingdom of a prince of Monte Carlo. Big are we in natural resources. No harvest fields and cotton plantations greater than ours. No area of coul and fron beds and gold and sliver and copper mines greater than ours. Big are we in the conceptions of our people. The mightlest railroads, the inrgest tunnels, the mightlest aqueducts, the mightlest bridges are here. Big are we in the numbers of our inhabitants, besides being big in our way of doing things. "Big" is a word which can be applied

to the United States, but that word "big" especially can be applied to her natural wonders of Niagara falls and Yellowstone park and the Grand Canyou of Arizona, and, above all, to America's wonderful Yosemite valley, which, as a wonderland, has not its superior bushes. A man came slinking along, in all the world. The first time I viewed it was under specially favorable circumstances. We left the railroad in the early hours of the morning for a long, seventy-two mile drive to this wonderful place. It was a day passing description and crowded with mervelous memories. Sometimes, during that long, twelve hours' ride, we could pick whole bouquets of wild flowers. The flora of a luxuriant springtime was bidding us welcome. Then the storm clouds shut us in and the sun disappeared. Then, as we climbed up and up the heights of the Sierra Nevadas, we shivered and shook, first in a rainstorm, again in a bailstorm and then in a blinding snow storm. Our limbs became so cramped that circulation was almost stopped, but on and on and on we went until it drew near to the evening hour. Then the storm cleared away. God lifted the curtains of the clouds, and suddenly the grandest view ever panoramaed before mortal eves was mine "There," said the driver, "in Yosem-ite valley!" "Then," said I, "one of

the dreams of my life is fulfilled." But

though I have dreamed many wonderful dreams, though I have seen many of the wonder scenes of the world, I never dreamed of or saw a sight like beauty and revolting hideousness, summer and winter, hoary headed mountains with their snowcaps of spotless white and with their limbs lined knee known about this notebook it might deep in wild flowers; appalling precihave led away my thoughts, as it did pices and lovers' retreats; roaring, rushing cataracts, with their "spirits of the evil winds," and rainbows playteries coloring the nether robes of the pouch with the coarse tobacco-all different falls; repulsions and fascina tions-all seemed to be there. They were stretching out their hands toward me and calling, "Come, brother, come and sit at my feet. Come, and I will hurl thee from yonder cliffs and upon thy poor mangled body I will let the vultures and the wild beasts banquet. Come, and I will show thee sights and wonders of which thou hast never conceived. Come, come!" Amid ten thousand different voices in one greatchorus, "Come, come, come!" they kept calling. And the echoing mountains off in a distance threw back the calls as from great sounding boards. "Come Come! Come!" Even today in imaginaseaman it could only be a seaman who tion I can hear those strange, weird, conflicting voices calling me. Oh, the many emotions that surged through my heart and soul when I first looked down from "Inspiration height" and descended into the farther valley. As the rocks and the cliffs began to close in around me I felt as did Dante with Virgil by his side that I was descending into hell. At the next moment I seemed to feel that angelic companions were by my side and that the paradistacal gates of pearl were opening for my celestial entrance. Michael Angelo painted both heaven and hell in one picture. Yosemite valley is a "Last

"Wonderful!" cried Hopkins, "Won-Everywhither I turned joy and sorrow, peace and anguish, happiness and terror, celestial Gabriels and demoniac Frankensteins, white winged hopes and raven garmented messengers of despair, side by side as cliff dwellers, were inhabiting the dark caverns of those rocks, or were waving to me from those dizzy heights, or were hovering under those tents of snow canvas, or were dwelling in enchanted palaces far above, yet within the range of my wondering sight. "Are those storm clouds?" I asked myself. Then I would answer "No. Those are not storm clouds. Those are coronation robes, for I see them waving over cathedrals and over village kirk spires." Angels seemed to be holding those garments in their hands while listening to the worshiping suppliants within at prayer and saying, "These robes, O weeping mortals, are for you as soon as your earth-ly work is done and you shall come to

dwell with Christ forever." Here the rocks seemed to be great avalanches of snow or overtopping glaciers of ice ready to tumble down upor us and crush us; there they seemed to be whole cities in ruins, as though ten thousand Vesuviuses had beiched forth their fires and demolished them and then the demons had extumed these broken walls and destroyed houses, just to show what swful carnage pandemonium had wrought. Here there seemed to be huge mountains cut in twain with the other halves thrown away into space; there they looked

like worlds just started and then left in a formative state, as though the Divine Creator had gone off and forgotten all about them. Here they seemed to be unscalable heights erected as walls about a huge prison for lost souls, while there, again, as in Sentinel rock, they seemed to be signal stations lifting themselves high above the clouds to put us in touch with other worlds and with God. Thus these walls of rock, these fortresses of rock, these mighty obelisks and pyramids of rock these great sheets of rock upon which God had registered the histories of the ages, seemed to be object lessons. It was as though the Creator had opened his treasure vaults just a little that we might peer in and see his unlimited re-

As the evening hours settled into the night the last thought inspired by such sublime surroundings more and more took possession of my soul. There as I lay upon my pillow under the shadow of Sentinel rock and gazed at El Capitan and Washington column and Half Dome and Grizzly peak, and while listening to the evening lullaby of the Yosemite falls, I said to myself: "If God wills, I will try to tell to my people the wonders of Yosemite valley. I will try to show them that the strength of the hills there revealed is the symbol of the divine strength." The psalmist's words, spoken thousands of years ago, were my words in the darkness of that night, and they are my words now, "The strength of the hills," or, as the revised version puts it, "The heights of the hills are his also."

The Great Yosemite Valley Great is Yosemite valley! Great in its heights, great its depths, great its lengths and its breadths. But, great as is Yosemite valley, you must remember that the same heights and depths and lengths and breadths of rocks are directly under your feet and mine, although we cannot see them. They are here to hold us up just as much as the foundation stones of our church are underneath our feet to bear the church up. They are here just as much as a solid cornerstone had to be placed at the base of Washington monument in our national capital or as the foundation stones were placed under the abutments of the Brooklyn bridge or the solid rock is under Eiffel tower in Paris.

As I climbed the awful, dizzy heights of one of the Sierra Nevadas, by the edge of an appalling precipice to Glacier point, this one thought was winding we go. Up and up the sure the precipice grow deeper and deeper at each step. At last we are at the top, after a long five mile pull. Then, by holding on to a railing, you can look straight down 3.250 feet. At this al-titude of nearly two-thirds of a mile I looked straight down and saw the Merced river. It was not a silver thread bending and winding among the many trees in the valley; it was a green snake, beautiful, but green. Its surface, reflected every shade of green, from the darkest green, dark as Emerald pool, to the lightest shades of squamarine and chrysophrase. Yosemite falls' white garments alone have a fall of 2,000 feet, or nearly one-half of a mile. Then, while I kept looking down into that awful precipice-looking down a palisade so deep that I seemed to be looking into space itself-a still, small voice seemed to talk to me. Then God called to Samuel, he called at night. To me, standing there upon the pulpit of Glacier point, it seemed that he called in the daytime. That voice was so real to my imagination that I turned to my wife and asked, "Were you speaking?" "No; did you hear any one talking?" she replied. "Yes," I answered; "I thought I heard a voice and that it must be the voice

Then the mysterious voice seemed to address me in these words; "When you go back to your pulpit you will walk the stone streets of a great city. You will climb these, the beautiful mountains from the tops of which you can see the sun setting among the heaving waves of the western Pacific. To the east you can see the sunbeams of the early morning burning themselves into the golden nuggets of many orange orchards. You can hear the mowing muchines fighting their way through the harvest fields at your feet. But remember underneath you is the same rock, the same depths of rock, the same immensities of rock you now see from Glacier point in Yosemite valley. Remember, O man, that I put those rocks underneath thee that the waters of the Pacific might be an aquarium for thee and that the fields might feed thee and that thy home might not be built upon the sinking sands. Even in the unseen rocks I am ever near thee, loving, caring, sustaining and protect-

Voice of the Unseen Rocks. Does this voice of the unseen rocks speak to you of God's love, as on the panoramic rocks seen from Glacier point it seemed to speak to me of the divine love when I stood in old Yosem-

But the heights of the hills and the depths of the valleys of Yosemite teach more than the ever present, sustaining care of a Divine Father. Those rocks were to me libraries of the past centuries and of the millenniums. You and I have read about the famous libraries of ancient Alexandria and Nineveh and Babylon. We have heard that these ancient books were so many that in Alexandria alone it took six months to destroy part of them when those parchments and manuscripts were used for common fuel to light the fires of the 4,000 bathrooms of that great city. But I want to tell you that when a man rides through Yosemite valley and climbs its diszy heights he is looking upon the historic pages of books older than the oldest tablets of stone exhumed from amid the ruins of an ancient Troy. He is looking at a greater library than all the books of Nineven, Babylon or Alexandria combined. There he is looking upon the millions of open leaves of rock written upor by the pen of but one Author, and that pen is "the finger of God."

If the recorded pages of the Fecks of rock found among the shelves of rock and upon the floors of rock and lying open upon the tables of rock of God as an author has been living centuries con centuries and millenniums

upon millenniums ago and that he will also live and work through the centuries and the milleaniums to come. then I say the Yosemite rocks "teach us nothing." Then we have eyes to see and we will not see, and we have ears to hear and we will not hear. Every step you take, every move you make, presses home the one truth-that the Creator of this region is eternal in his

own life and eternal in his purposes. Mariposa grove, which grows just outside of this valley and practically under the shadow of El Capitan, as living orators teach the eternal purposes and workings of the Divine Fa-ther. My, what big preachers they are: About 600 of them grow near together, as though they were asbamed of their big girths and ashamed because, like Saul, they raise their huge bodies not only head and shoulders above all other trees, but because they make other trees look like pygmies beside them. "Grizzly Bear," "Columbia," "Haverford." "Mariposa," "Wawona," "California," "Telescope," "The Three Graces," are some of the modern names given to these famous trees. Some of them are over 300 feet tail. One is 104 feet in circumference and 33 feet from side to side. One is cut in the middle at the base and has a square cut out of it so large that a great, three seated stagecoach with top covering, drawn by four horses, can be driven through it. This tree was on the right of us, it was to the left of us. it was above us. it was underneath us. One of this same kind of trees in a neighboring grove was cut down a few years ago that its stump might be used as a dancing floor by visiting tourists. So huge, so gigantic is "Old Grizzly" that it has one branch, one right arm alone, twenty feet in circumference. When I stood under this huge monster it lifted itself so high and so wide that I felt its size almost passed human conception. Why, a wart on one of "Old Grizzly's" cheeks would be large enough to be used for an Indian wig wam. A golter on his neck would be big enough to house a whole family of white folks and give to them a cellar, parlor and bedroom floors, attic and a cupola besides. And its myriads of roots are almost enough to fence in the fields of an ordinary farm,

The trees of Mariposa grove, grand old veterans are they! No other living warriors have fought so many battles. What mighty tornadoes have they defied! What strength of a thouuppermost in my mind. Rending and sand Herculeses is in those iron back bones! What unconquerable heights footed beasts carry us, higher and still have they! What forest fires have higher. Then the rocks by the side of they endured! But, after all, the most impressive fact to me about these trees is not their great girth nor their great height, but that they are living trees. They are not mummified trees found among the cemeteries of dead trees. "What is the greatest fact that impresses you about the big trees?" I asked a gentleman. "That they are alive," he answered. Yes, that is the overwhelming fact about Mariposa grove. Those big trees are alive, just as we are alive. You can go and stand wrinkled and seared like the indenta tions upon the cheek of the sphinx of the Egyptian desert, but you can feel that they are alive. You can see where some of their sides have been burned by forest fires. In the Haverford tree the wood burned out of one side has left a cavity large enough to shelter twenty borses or head of cattle from tree is alive. The great Telescope tree had forest fires eat into its sides and tunnel their way into its center and then from the center burn up until you can stand at the bottom of the tree and look up through it and see the blue sky of the beavens above you. Yet the Telescope tree is alive and still grow ing. The six bundred trees of Mariposa grove are emphatically alive.

As I stood with uncovered head amid the huge trees of Mariposa grove "Old Grizzly," the greatest of the group, if he could have spoken might have said "White man of the east, you think you belong to a race of kings, but I would tell you that you are not a king. You are so short lived that you are no more to me than the insect which is born in a day, grows old in a day and dies of old age at the setting of the sun is to you. You think you know the past, but I have seen more sights and heard more sounds than your people will ever see or hear though they may live to be as old as Methuselah. My ears have heard the birth cries and the death rattles not of generations, but of species. When I had been living thousands of years I heard the click of the trowels and the groan'ags of the machinery that lifted the rocks and laid the cap stones of the pyramids. When I stretched my head above the clouds so that I could see upon the other side of the world I could see the thrones of the Caesars lift themselves and then totter and fall. I heard the angels chant the song of the Nativity above Bethlehem of Judaea. I have seen Athens rise in her power and the Grecian sculptors and the poets wax and wane and die. The old mound builders used to pitch their wigwams at my feet. Backward, still backward, into time I go. Long before the coyote's call was heard among the hills or the grizzly bear growled at the Indians the afterward took their name I lived. Though I have lived at least 5,000 rears in the past, I am living still. Furthermore, I will continue to live centuries upon centuries after your voice has died away. I shall speak to your great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren as I am now speaking to you." Oh, yes, the old trees of Mariposa grove teach nothing if they do not preach to us the eternal purposes of God or of God working through the centuries.

A Thousand Years Nothing A thousand years in God's sight are but as yesterday, or as a watch in the night. If the trees of Mariposa grove teach us this, how much more must the libraries of rock among the shelves of Yosemite hills teach the same lessons. We look with wonderment upon some of the vases or the housebole pottery used by the American or Mexican aborigines. You say, "They were heated in tires thousands of years ago. Yes, but have you est stopped to think when the fires ere lighted by the hands of God which hardened yonder rocks? Have you ever stopped to Yosemite valley do not teach us that reckon how old must have been those pencils of ice which wrote yonder

which, millenniums ago, as glaciers, polished these walls until today they reflect the light of the rising sun as burnished mirrors? Can you see with naked eye the star as a signal fire burning on the picket line at the farthermost outer edge of all stars? Can you, at a mere haphasard guess, state the direct distance between this earth and that star? Can you go up and up in imagination until you see the zenith for a footstool and the nadir for a bright jewel in your coronet. Then, if you can, you may estimate how long it took God, in his eternal purpose, to produce yonder rocks and how long that eternal purpose shall live after the Yosemite valley itself shall be cremated in the furnace of the earth's last condagration. If these rocks teach us that thousands and millions of years in God's sight are as but a second of time. do you not believe we can trust to his care the few years we are upon this planet? If God can use the ages for playthings, may we not be satisfied to let him do with us as he will for the short space of threescore years and ten, which is man's allotted span upon earth? "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal." Yes, the everlasting rocks of Yosemite prove it. These rocks shall echo the judgment call in that day, when the angel shall stand with one foot upon the land and the other foot upon the sen, and swear that time shall be no longer. But while time endures, everywhere in Yosemite, you may find,

as I did, God spenking, God pleading, God drawing us to his love. And so Yosemite, beautiful Yosemite, with snow capped hills and with sweet scented valleys at thy feet, I wave to thee a farewell. Thou didst make of me a better man. Amid thy columns it was as if I had walked with the Divine Maker of the universe at the dawn of creation. By the lullables of thy falling waters I slept to dream of the God of my childhood. From thy mirrored pools I have seen there reflected the misdeeds of my past life. From thy trails I have learned that it is easy to follow the "strait path" if you do not look down, but straight ahead in the place where the pedestrian ought to go. Happier have I turned back to my own ome and my own work, a better man, because the Christ of the Nazarene hills who welcomed me among thy peaks is to continue to be my guide in the lowlands. Farewell, Yosemite, grand, overpowering, crushing, yet

gentle and tender. Farewell, friend; farewell! [Copyright, 1905, by Louis Klopsch.]

Passing of the Hitching Post.

"Have you noticed," asked a Kansas City man the other day, "how the hitching post is disappearing? A few years ago almost every residence and many stores in Kansas City had hitching posts in front of them. Now you'll have to go a long way to find a single post. The hitching ring has been a factor in the disappearance of the post, but the hitching weight has been a bigger one. People used to think the weight ineffective. They have changed their minds. Tie a horse to a post or a ring, and if he becomes frightened the chances are be'll break the strap. Then he is free to run. Hitch him with a weight, and he may try to run, but it will become entangled in the wheels of the vehicle or will twist the strap around the animal's legs. The result will be the horse stops and is caught. The hitching post is rapidly becoming a thing of the past in cities, and the lieve, is here to stay."-Kansas City

Golf Drivers Born, Not Made, "I am convinced that long driving is a natural gift," says Walter J. Travis

in Country Life In America. "Of course it can be cultivated and developed to a certain extent, but all the art in the world cannot entirely overcome physical deficiencies. Driving may be said to represent the physical side of golf and short approaches and putting, especially putting, the mental. Of the two I think that the latter is the more susceptible of improve-

The Parsee Fold. In recent years several wealthy Parsees have married European wives and brought them into the Parsee fold. Now, the Parsees have decided that they will admit no more converts. Even the children of l'arsees married to Christian mates will not be recognized as Parsees. This singular racepeople of Pars or Persia-are the fire worshipers, whose prophet, Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, lived about a thousand years before Christ. Their sacred writings, the Zend-Avesta, were collected by the magi in their present form in the fourth century of the Christian era. The Parsees continued to flourish till the year 651, when the Caliph Omar conquered Persia and extirpated the Zorastrian faith. Only a few thousands remained in Persia, but the Parsees, scattered in the chief seaports of the Indian ocean, have no reason to regret their exile. They have amassed wealth by trade and financial

The Quiver contains an article on The Sunday Rest Movement In France," which gives an interesting account of the progress made by the day as a day of rest. A "league of do much, it is boped, to obviate Sunday labor. "Point de dimanche pour me excepte dans la saison morte" ("NoSun day for me except in the dead sea son"), said to me the other day a weary girl in a millinery shop—and that in a country that knows no Saturday half holiday. There have been in Nimes and other important towns such outbreaks on behalf of a seventh day rest on the part of shopworkers and others that police and even sol-diery have been called on to protect

inctively a world situated somewhere in immensity, but that it is "a state of pure spiritual existence, having nothing to do with any special time or place." He further says that "beaven is a state of the soul or a state of society under the rule of God's will, either in this life or in a future state of existence." From the above it is clear

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considered that "beaven" does not can a bounded place of abode, but f joy for the souls of virtuous repecters of God's laws.-London Stand-

A True Story. Ex-Judge Thomas F. Noonan of Jersey City was describing his experiences while traveling across country to his mining property in Arisona and told how the party, while on, one of the ledges of a canyon, descried three wild ducks wabbling along shoulder

"We'll have those for breakfast," said Joe Ray, a famous cracksman of the frontier, and Aquila Nebeker, president of the Utah state senate, who is equal ly handy with a gun, seized his repeater to take aim at them.

"You don't intend to kill 'em one by one?" Ray objected, "Bring 'em all down with one shot." Nebeker waited till all three necks

were in one range and let fiv. "And would you believe," Judge Noonan asked his friends, "that he cut off all three heads with one bullet?" "Well," returned ex-Judge Al Day ton hesitatingly, "If you say so!"

"Well," Noonan concluded, "I won' say it. This is a true story. He missed all three "- New York Times.

Berlin School Children.

This year, for the first time, all the children in the schools of Berlin were examined as to their health. There were 15,000 children and thirty-six examiners. The results were astounding. Ten sufficiently developed in body and mind and had to be excluded for half a year or longer. Sixteen per cent were no strong enough to attend school, ow ing to the debilitating effect of scarle fever and other diseases. Fifteen pe cent suffered from anaemia or scrofula Pive per cent had tuberculosis trouble

ON BRITISH SHIPS

The Life of the Seaman Is Hardly Worth the Living.

Among the many matters that are troubling Englishmen is the practical disappearance of the native British sea man and the increase of foreign sailors on British ships. Percival Gibbon throws some light on the cause. He says: "The life is not worth living. The whole truth of the affair is in that fact. The rates at which cargo must be carried require that the mere food eaten shall be of the lowest and cheap est quality. The board of trade regu lates the quantity and insures a certain variety, but (I speak from experience) this avails nothing to make the fare or dinarily palatable. Its staple is bis cult, salt beef and salt pork. Meals are eaten in the forecastle, where a ta ble or a bench is a rarity, and the men must find their own plates, knives, forks and other equipment. The ship gives only the food and the bare bunks The wage of a sallor is always small Taking recent years, I think a fair average of the monthly wages from home ports would be \$10. It means that no sailor can bring up a family or keep a wife, and it certainly means that no man can hope to save enough to insure some provision for bis old age. As a matter of fact, I never met a seaman who attempted to. The mon ey goes as soon as it is received in establishing as sharp a contrast as possible with the aching discomfort and barrenness of life at sea. The man has no appetite for delicacies. When his term of bitter hardship is at an end he craves for the strong meats of ruinous dissipation, and, the money gone, be has no option but to ship again as soot as possible and earn some more.

"In 1896 I shipped in Philadelphia as able seaman aboard a wooden full rigged ship, bound round the Horn for San Francisco. There were seven able seamen besides myself, four ordinary seamen and a boy. We had a fearful passage of 176 days, during which we lost four A. B.'s and the boy. During thirty days off the Horn all hands were called twenty-two times; we ran short of water and food, when we loosed the halvards in Sacramento bay we were too done up to lewer away and let the yards come crashing down on to the caps. It was about as hard a passage as a ship's company ever ex-

perienceti. "Next day we were paid off. My wages were \$12, and were the best of those received by the able seamen. The ordinary seamen drew under \$10 delphia had eaten us up, and within a

was ashore only eight days and then had to give a note for two months pay in order to get on ship."

Novelties In Whiskers.

"The most remarkable whisker novelty," the barber said, "is to be found in France. Frenchmen for the last six months have been wearing box beards. A box beard is as square as a piece of carpentry, nine inches long, five inches wide, two inches deep. every corner sharp and true and all the surfaces, upper and under aud side, smoothed as if with a plane.

"The box beard is neat and queer, It was introduced by the sing of the Belgians. The English bave a new mustache-the buttersy. The butterfly is not more than two inches long. It is just a feathery little thing under the nose, with ends turning upward and inward. It has been adopted by all the young army officers. The king has stamped it with the stamp of his approval.

You will hardly believe it, but in Italy the patch is being worn. The cept for a ting circular patch the size of a shirt stud; and in this patch he grows a little ruft a half inch long. It is as though the Italian had a mole there, but he has no mole really. The patch is just his coquetry."-Chicago Chronicle

Birds "Go to the Bad." Consul General Bray reports from Melbourne, Australia, that the English starlings introduced from Great Britain for the destruction of insects

have increased to myriads and have become so destructive to the fruit industry that the egulations framed for their protection have been repealed and steps are advocated for their eradi-

The fruit destroyed by them includes peaches, pears, cherries, figs, apricota, plums, grapes, strawberries and apples. From many districts reports come that fruit growing will have to be given up unless some radical steps are taken.

Insect eating birds, such as kingfishers, diamond birds, tree swallows and tree creepers, are driven out of their nesting places by starings, and before long these birds will be driven

That is a worse record even than the English sparrow has made in this coun-

Describing the personal appearance of Mutauhito, the emperor of Japan, a recent writer says: "On this occasion his majesty walked, or seemed to walk, with a slight etoop." On other occasions when in his carriage or on horseback the stoop was not noticeable. Yet it in nowise impaired the dignity of his corriage. His hair is course and black as the mane of an Orloff horse, excepting a tinge of gray at the temples, and is brushed well up from his forehead.

"His nose large, the nostrile full, the lips thick without being seneuous and the under jaw heavy, convey an impression of iron determination and tenacity of purpose. He wears a heavy mustache and thin chin whiskers. Last, but not least, were the eyes, lustreds. dark, intelligent and of plercing keen

"Those eyes peered forth through almond slits from under a high, threatening brow. In their swiftly changing expression they were at once an index and a revelation of the personality shining through them.

An Erratic Reporter. Senator, Hansbrough of North Dake-

ta, according to the Buffalo Commercial, owns a country paper, though of late years he has been unable to give it much attention, depending on jour-nalists of the itideralt variety a good part of the time. "Selfie of them have been good men, too," says the senator, "and some line been otherwise. I had one who was neger satisfied with simplicity. He would refer to an 'equine horse' and in the case of a tramp killed in a railread accident cald that the 'unfertunate, man' statuted a fracture of the spiral column.' Another of his pet expressions was 'tripping the light bombastic toe.' I didn't mind these so much, but'when fire daughter of a leading citizen was married and he speke of the bridal poccession proceeding down the siste to the entities ing strains of Mendel & Son's wedding march' I decided that we had reached the partiag of the ways."